

The Pond at Dusk · *Jane Kenyon*

When a fly wounds the water the wound
soon heals. Swallows tilt and twitter
overhead, dropping now and then toward
the outward-radiating signs of food.

The green haze on the trees changes
into leaves, and what looks like smoke
floating over the neighbor's barn
is nothing but apple blossoms.

But sometimes what looks like disaster
is disaster. Then the men struggle
with the casket, just clearing the pews;
then long past dark a woman sits,
distracted, over the ledger and the till.